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im Leibe, wenn ich solch ein tüchtig Fass auf den Endstuhl bringe, nachdem die Stäbe mit dem Klöb-eisen und dem Lenkbeil tüchtig bereitet, wenn dann die Gesellen die Schlegel schwingen und klipp, klapp—klipp, klapp! es niederfällt auf die Treiber —hei! das ist lustige Musik. . . . Ihr spracht von Baumeistern, lieber Herr! ei nun, solch ein stattliches Haus ist wohl ein herrliches Werk; aber wär' ich ein Baumeister, ginge ich vor meinem Werke vorüber und oben vom Erker schaute irgend ein unsauberer Geist, ein nichtsnütziger, schuftiger Geselle, der das Haus erworben, auf mich herab, ich würde mich schämen ins Innerste hinein, mir würde vor lauter Ärger und Verdruss die Lust ankommen, mein eigenes Werk zu zerstören. Doch so etwas kann mir nicht geschehen mit meinen Gebäuden. Da drinnen wohnt ein für allemal nur der sauberste Geist auf Erden, der edle Wein.—Gott lobe mir mein Handwerk!"

E. T. A. Hoffmann: *Meister Martin der Kufner und seine Gesellen* (1818). Sämtliche Werke, Leipzig, 1900, VII, 168-69.

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und man kann seine Freud daran sehn, wies gefügt ist, dass man keine Fuge sieht. Dagegen was hilft dem Schneider und dem Schuster das Schönst, was sie machen? Der Kerl, der hernachen darin steckt, ist er hässlich, so verschimpft er das Werk, und ist er schön, so denkt man wieder, der machts. Ich möchte wissen, wie ein Schreiber an seiner Arbeit könnt seine Freud haben, oder ein Kaufmann; denn die Thaler, die der erwirbt, die hat er nicht selber gemacht. Dem Musikanten seine Sach, die ist vollends in die Luft geblasen. Er siehts kein mal ganz vor sich, was er hat gemacht, dass er sich könnt drüber freun."

O. Ludwig: *Die Heitere-thei* (1855). Gesammelte Schriften, Leipzig, 1891, II, 123.

GEO. M. PRIEST.

EASTWARD HOE.

To the Editors of *Mod. Lang. Notes*.

SIRS:—It is to be desired that other students of the Elizabethan drama would follow the example of Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, Jr. and record in *Modern Language Notes* allusions to previous plays in *Eastward Hoe*, for our list is certainly far from complete. Slitgut, in the same scene from which Dr. Adams quotes (IV, 1), on descending from his "tree" in Cuckold's Haven, says:

Farewel to honest married men, farewel to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewel thou horne of hunger, that calst th' inns a court to their manger! Farewel, thou horne of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth! Farewell, thou horne of direction, that is the cititie lanthorne! Farewell, thou horne of pleasure, the ensigne of the huntsman! Farewell, thou horne of destiny, th' ensigne of the married man! Farewell, thou horne tree, that bearest nothing but stone fruite!

Is it stretching a point to regard this as a parody of *Othello*, III, 3:—

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed etc.

It may easily be imagined what point could be given to the parody if the boy who took the part of Slitgut at the Blackfriars had been taught to travesty the accent and gesture of Burbage in reciting Othello's "farewell" at the Globe, as some of the artists of the vaudeville stage have mimicked popular actors of our own day. Both these passages in *Eastward Hoe* were probably written by Chapman, and if the conjectures as to their intention are well founded, the larger issue is raised of Chapman's relation to Shakspeare in the stage quarrel, referred to in the prologue of *Troilus and Cressida*.

These parallels should, of course, be carefully scanned, or we may be led astray by accidental repetitions of the same phrases. If an earlier date could be certainly assigned to *King Lear*, one would be tempted to descry a reminiscence of the famous reconciliation scene in the passage in *Eastward Hoe*, v, 1, in which Gertrude kneels down and asks her mother's blessing, adding: "Nay, sweet mother, doe not weepe." The resemblance between the situation in *Eastward Hoe* and that in the older *Chronicle History of King Leir*, from which Shakspeare doubtless took the suggestion, is less close. The scene in the old play (H⁴ in the Malone Society Reprint) has recently been warmly praised by Count Tolstoi, and must have been famous in its day; but the parallel is so slight that it seems rather an instance of the danger of this kind of criticism than of its significance.

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